

Queen of Venus

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Queen of Venus

by [Bordementions](#)

Summary

Rei adachi wireplay

Notes

I was listening to queen of Venus on the bus over to my ait and I thought about trying to write some wire play for the first time but my phone died for the last like 15 hours so I didn't feel like finishing because I was out of the mood and forgot everything so enjoy LMAO

Think of it just like I was having a Steven King moment and randomly wrote something while on coke

ALSO I DONT KNOW HOW TO WRITE CHARAVTERS RHAT DONT SPEAK IM SORRY LIKE HOW DO YOU CHARACTERIZE VOCALOID'S I HAVE NOTHING TO WORK OFF EXCEPT SONGS

Metal.

Your hands have become so accustomed to the hard, unyielding touch of the substance. However cold it may be.

Wires.

Long, spindly, colors upon colors. Pliable, winding. So, so many. That cavernous hollow is filled to the brim with their presence.

Her.

Perfect in every way. In every single aspect, every piece of hardware. Down to every panel and circuit, any part that becomes attached is just as precious.

You move with a practiced grace, the sharp clink of your tools against the steel tray echoing through the cramped space.

One by one, you lay them out: fine-tipped soldering irons, precision drivers, spools of copper wire, a jar of conductive grease.

More and more and more. Each item is a necessity for the delicate architecture of the machine waiting for you on the central table.

Rei lies there, ivory-colored plating and exposed mechanics. Her orange hair is fanned out against the cold surface, the side-ponytail a splash of vibrant color against her pale, synthetic casing. As you reach for a specialized calibration tool, her head tilts toward you. The blackened hinges of her neck emit a faint, rhythmic whirring, a sound as familiar to you as a heartbeat.

"You're being very thorough today," she says. Her voice is clear, though it possesses that unmistakable, melodic artificiality that always reminds you. She watches your hands with an intensity that borders on reverence. "The tray is getting quite full."

"It has to be," you murmur, checking the tension on a pair of needle-nose pliers. "I wouldn't want anything less for you."

You turn back to the table, ready to begin the procedure, but Rei's hand—smooth, and uncompromising—reaches out to catch your wrist. The sensation of her "skin," that hard casing, is a stark contrast to the warmth of your own pulse.

"Wait," she whispers. Her eyes, glowing with a soft internal light,

search yours. "I know why you do it the way that you do, but I find myself greedy today."

She sits up slightly, the gaps at her shoulders revealing the complex blackened sockets that allow her movement. She looks down at the array of metal tools you've prepared and then back at your bare palms.

"Your hands," she says, her voice dropping to a low, rhythmic thrum. "Please?"

"Rei, I could short something out without the insulated grips," you caution, though your heart hammers against your ribs at the raw devotion in her gaze.

"Then let it short," she counters softly. She reaches for your hand, guiding it toward the large, jagged opening in her torso. "I would rather burn out under your touch than function perfectly in isolation. Please. Put the tools away. Just... use yourself."

She lays back down, her body clicking into place against the table with a series of heavy thuds.

You can feel the vibration, the low-frequency hum of a cooling fan spinning somewhere deep within Rei's chassis. You push the metal tray aside—the clatter of the tools sounding like a distant, rejected memory—and lean over her. Your shadow falls across her torso, cutting through the glow of the status lights blinking within her open chest cavity.

"You're sure about this?" you ask, your voice dropping to a low murmur. "No gloves. No insulators. Just me?"

Rei's head lolls back against the table. A soft, whirring click emanates from her throat as she looks up at you, her eyes shimmering with an artificial light that feels more alive than any human gaze. "Your skin is the only insulator I want," she breathes, her chest plates expanding and contracting in an imitation of breath. "Please. It feels like static when you're not touching me."

You reach down, your bare fingers hovering for a heartbeat over the beautiful mess of her internal hardware before finally sinking in. The heat is the first thing that hits you—the radiant, dry warmth of a high-end processor working overtime. Then, the texture: the slick, rubberized coating of ribbon cables, the sharp, crystalline edges of heat sinks, and the vibration of a thousand tiny pulses of data.

"Oh," Rei gasps, a sharp, melodic intake of air. Her back arches off the table, the blackened hinges of her spine clicking in a frantic, joyous movement. "There. Right there. The primary bus... it's so cold until you touch it."

"Damaged," you mutter, your thumb tracing the length of a thick, translucent cable that glows with a pulsing blue light. It's frayed at the edge, a tiny spark of electricity dancing where the shielding has worn thin.

"You've been pushing yourself, Rei. This wire is practically screaming."

"I was trying to calculate the exact frequency of your voice," she confesses, her voice hitching as you gently pinch the wire, feeling the tiny, stinging prickle of current against your skin. "I wanted to store it in a permanent partition. I think... I think I overloaded the buffer."

You chuckle softly, reaching for a spool of copper threading. "You're going to burn your core if you keep doing that." You begin to wrap the thread around the frayed connection, your fingers dancing through the space. It's a delicate, intimate dance; your knuckles brush against the "00" stamped into the metal housing of her heart-space.

Rei tightens her grip, her segmented fingers closing over your wrist—not to pull you away, but to guide you deeper. "Shift to the left," she whispers, her eyes fluttering shut. "Under the cooling manifold. There's a sensor... it's been feeling... dull. Lonely."

You follow her lead, your hand disappearing further into the shell. You find the sensor—a small, silver node tucked behind a cluster of rainbow-colored wires. As you rub your thumb over it, cleaning away a thin layer of dust and conductive grit, Rei lets out a sound that is half-sigh, half-glitch. It's a beautiful noise that makes you feel just as happy to be the one hearing it.

"Is that better?" you ask, your fingers lingering on the node, feeling the way her internal fans kick into high gear to compensate for the sudden surge in her temperature.

"It's divine," she murmurs. "The way your skin catches on the hardware... it's so much better than the pliers. I can feel the oils from your fingertips seeping into the cracks. It feels like... like I'm being baptized."

You pick up a small vial of specialized lubricant, dabbing a bit onto your index finger. You begin to apply it to the hinges of her shoulder,

working the fluid into the joint with slow, circular motions. The sound of grinding metal softens into a smooth, silent glide.

"You're so quiet when you work," Rei says, her voice trembling with the weight of her worship. "Are you thinking about how easy it would be to take me apart? To put me back in my box?"

"I'm thinking about how much work it takes to keep a masterpiece like you running," you retort playfully, moving your hand back to her chest to reconnect a loose data tether.

She laughs—a sequence of perfectly pitched notes. "A masterpiece? No. You are the masterpiece; I am just the mannequin you've breathed life into. Look at us."

She gestures to where your skin disappears into the cavity, the wires tangled around your fingers like jewelry. "Where do I end and you begin? I can't tell anymore."

"Wherever you would like."

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